

REMOVED

WILL VAN COTT, SON OF NEW YORK POSTMASTER, BE—MANY IRREGULARITIES DISCOVERED.

WASHINGTON, May 13.—President Roosevelt yesterday approved the recommendations made by Attorney General Robb, who has been conducting a special investigation into the affairs of the New York Postoffice and as a result Richard Van Cott, son of Postmaster Van Cott, is to be summarily removed.

According to Attorney General Robb, no proof of actual mal-administration has been made against the Postmaster and he will be allowed to serve out his term. Mr. Robb reports that a brother of the Postmaster was illegally appointed to the Inspector's force and has returned the year's salary he received. A number of faults in the office system that Mr. Robb discovered to exist and which were responsible for money and the irregularities detected have been corrected.

Best Part of a Hog.

George S. Ham, of Cartersville, Ga., is at Seelbach's. He tells a good story of himself.

"I was at a little old-fashioned town in the southern part of my State some time ago," he said, "where they didn't know that Lee had surrendered. I was shown to my room in the little inn they called 'the hotel,' by an old uncle who shuffled as he walked and whose scant locks were as white as the cotton he was evidently used to picking. In a place like this town every one you meet wants to know your name and takes great interest in your personal history and business. The old uncle deposited my suit case, and before he turned to go I asked him to fetch a pitcher of water. 'All right, boss,' he said, 'want mought yo' name be?'"

"I laughingly told him it was Ham—'just remember the best part of the hog,' I said, 'and you'll have it.' He shuffled off down the hall and I had just about dozed into the land of nod when I was brought back to consciousness by a sharp rap at the door and heard the old man say:

"'Hea's yo' water, Marse Chitlin's.'"

—Louisville Herald.

A Game of Sling Slang.

An Englishman in Uncle Sam's hustling domain

Was driven most madly and wildly insane,

As he tried to bridge over the gap which occurred

'Twixt the English he spoke and the language he heard.

He was told Uncle Sam had John Bull "beat a block,"

That some men are so homely they "stop the town clock."

Another "raised Cain" when his anger was high

And "kicked into next week" all foes who were nigh.

One fellow's a "corker," he himself is a "bird,"

Someone else is a "cracker-jack"—horrible word.

Young Americans speaking or singing of girls,

Call them "Lulus" and "peaches" and "daisies" and "pearls."

There are "bats in the belfry" and "rats in the hair;"

A man who is "buganouse" is wild as a bear.

Things set right before are plumb "out o' sight."

Folks are quite "done up brown" in debate and in fight.

On asking a friend what on earth he should do.

All the answer he got was, "Oh, that's up to you."

He's advised when some vantage he tries hard to seize,

"Go way back and sit down, for you're not the whole cheese."

This is only a fragment of all that he bore.

And ere he set foot on his own native shore,

Said the wheels in the Britisher's head "let 'er rip!"

He first became "dippy," then quite "lost the grip;"

And now the poor fellow once happy and jolly,

Is in a sad plight, for he's clear "off his trolley."

—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Statistician of New York Exchange Puts It At 3,211,000 Bushels.

NEW YORK, May 13.—Statistician Brown, of the Produce Exchange, in an estimate based on the Government crop report, places the winter wheat crop at 3,211,000 bushels, as compared with an indicated yield in April of 4,256,000 bushels.

Last year's actual crop yield was 3,990,000 bushels. Experts attribute the poorer prospect to a decrease in the area sown, due to the influence of a hard winter.

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HEROIC REMEDIES.

Whipping Was Prescribed at One Time For Insanity and Fits.

Ill health is a bad thing at any time, but 150 years ago it was made more terrible by the remedies in use. Blood-letting, of course, was a simple affair. A writer in Macmillan's Magazine says that everybody was bled twice a year—in the spring and autumn. The barbers were the surgeons and, like wise men, adapted their prices to their patients.

A gentleman who so indulged himself as to go to bed to be bled was charged half a crown and his fine lady half a sovereign. Certain days were unlucky for bloodletting, and nothing would induce the barbers to operate on these occasions. Serious diseases seem to have been beyond the medical skill of the day. Villages and towns simply drove out the infected from their midst.

Among remedies herbs of course played a great part. "For salves," runs an old notebook which had a great vogue, "the country parson's wife seeks not the city and prefers her garden and fields before all outlandish gums." Sage was held a very great medicine. It was even asked in Latin, "Why should any one die who has sage in his garden?" If any one had a disease of the mouth, the Eighth Psalm should be read for three days, seven times on each day. As a remedy it was "sovereign."

For insanity or fits whipping was prescribed. Little wonder that mortality was great. In old days in Wexsex, England, persons with infectious diseases were confined in the lockup, and whipping was deemed too good for them. Should the sick be loud in lament, the watchman kept them quietly by this popular discipline, and one town has upon its records, "Paid T. Hawkins for whipping two people that had the smallpox eightpence."

Fortunately the spirit of this age is different from that.

"THE SLEEPLESS ARCH."

Old Hindoo Principle the Basis of All Modern Bridges.

Although the building of great arches of masonry dates beyond the ancient Roman civilization, the principle that gives strength to the massive stone bridges of today is the same that built the bridges of the Roman empire.

The history of bridge building is, to a large degree, the history of the arch, whose efficiency lies in the truth of the old Hindoo saying that "the arch never sleeps" because each separate section of which it consists, beginning at the keystone, or central section, is constantly pushing against its immediate neighbors until the pressure finally reaches the firm foundation upon which the structure is erected.

To secure a perfectly trustworthy foundation, therefore, the bridge builder has often to penetrate far below the surface of the earth, and not infrequently the part of his structure thus covered up and concealed is greater than that visible above ground.

It was their inability to solve the problem of a trustworthy foundation that led the ancient Hindoos to distrust the arch, arguing that the sleepless activity that held it together was equally active in tearing it to pieces.

Not only is the modern bridge builder skilled in setting his structure on a firm base, but thoroughly acquainted with the time honored materials for his work, to say nothing of new materials, and an important part of his student training in such modern schools as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is devoted to methods of testing materials during construction that would have surprised and delighted even the most accomplished of the ancient Roman engineers.

Hurrying Up the Baby.

A correspondent sends us an extract from a poem which recently appeared in a South African paper, thinking we shall approve of its sentiments. We do, we do. The inspired verse is entitled "Making a Man" and begins:

Hurry the baby as fast as you can,
Hurry him, hurry him, make him a man;
Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants,
Feed him on brain foods and make him advance;
Hurry him, soon as he's able to walk,
Into a grammar school, cram him with talk;
Fill his poor head full of figures and facts,
Keep on a-jamming them in till it cracks.

—London Review.

A Bargain Hunter.

It was a pleasant looking Irishwoman, says the Philadelphia Ledger, who walked into a store and asked the price of the collars she had seen displayed in the window.

"Two for a quarter," said the clerk.

"How much would that be for one?"

"Thirteen cents."

She pondered; then, with her forefinger, she seemed to be making invisible calculations on the sleeve of her coat.

"That," she said, "would make the other collar twelve cents, wouldn't it? Just give me that wan."

Her Wedding.

"Was it an elaborate wedding?"

"Elaborate!" exclaimed the fair divorcee. "I should think it was. Why, it was so elaborate that you'd think she never expected to have another."

—Chicago Post.

Her Construction of It.

Teacher of Class in Grammar—Construct the sentence, "The study of mankind is man." One of the Big Girls—I don't believe it's true. It was a man that wrote that.—Chicago Tribune.

The man to pick out to appreciate the joke you want to tell him is the fellow who is waiting to borrow \$5 from you when you get through telling it.—New York Press.

Stemple's Summer Hat opening, Friday, May 13th.

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BEER AND STUDENTS

Comment On Dr. Edward Meyer's Chicago Address.

Dr. Edward Meyer, a distinguished professor of the University of Berlin, has been visiting the University of Chicago. Being invited to address the students he confided to them among other things that beer is used in abundance by German students, and that beer-drinking is a good custom. It induces the young men, he said, to grow up in happy spirits, and is beneficial in counteracting the effects of too much study. Dr. Meyer could not imagine a German student who neither sang nor drank. Such a man, he said, would not be a real German student.

American students have been known to drink beer, but they are rarely encouraged in it except by the brewers, and nowhere have they obtained the proficiency in it that the German students enjoy. Dr. Meyer's talk made scandalo in Chicago. The president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union grieved sorrowfully to hear a learned man advise "drinking, bawling and good-fellowship." A representative of Northwestern University said: "If he had said such things at Northwestern I think we would have mobbed him." Perhaps more beer would make Northwestern more tolerant. We have heard Americans who have studied in German universities remark how hard they worked, how much they learned and how much beer they drank. Beer and study really seem to go well together in Germany. But in this country the affinity between them is much less noticeable. We don't think beer does our college boys any particular good. Harvard College rules along no-license Cambridge, where beer is not publicly sold, and seems not to suffer academically from the deprivation. At Yale, we are told, students drink less beer than formerly, and more "high balls." Our habits are not the habits of Germany. Neither our climate, our vices nor our beer is made in that country. Dr. Meyer may not hope to introduce the German methods of scholarship here. Our doctors may go so far as to admit that beer is best drunk in America by persons whose livers are comparatively new, but that is about as much as they will concede. We drink beer here, but we dare not glory in it. Perhaps if we took as much pains as the Germans do to have our beer well made out of fit materials we would have more confidence in its effects.—Harper's Weekly.

JAPANESE COLONY FOR SOUTH

It is to Settle in Texas and Spend \$100,000 For Rice Lands.

NEW ORLEANS, May 10.—Probably the first direct "development effect" to be felt in the Louisiana Territory as a result of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is the semi-official recognition given by the Japanese Commission to the immigration movement from Japan to the rice-growing country in Louisiana and Texas.

About June 1 a number of Japanese now in St. Louis will leave for Louisiana and Texas under the escort of Mr. R. Onishi, who will take them through the rice country on a tour of inspection. About the same time a party of more than 100 Japanese who are now on their way from Japan will reach Houston. These latter will become rice farmers.

Two members of this party, it is said, are bringing with them more than \$100,000 each, with which to purchase rice lands and start Japanese colonies.

When to Marry.

Marry when the year is new,
Always loving, kind and true;
When February birds do mate,
You may wed, nor dread your fate;
If you wed when March winds blow,
Joy and sorrow both you'll know;
Marry in April when you can,
Joy for maiden and for man;
Marry in the month of May,
You will surely rue the day;
Marry when June roses blow,
Over land and sea you'll go;
They who in July do wed
Must labor always for their bread;
Whoever wed in August be,
Many changes are sure to see;
Marry in September's shine,
Your living will be rich and fine;
If in October you do marry,
Love will come, but riches tarry;
If you wed in bleak November,
Only joy will come, remember;
When December's snows fall fast,
Marry and true love will last.

I have three of the very best lots in the Morrow Addition for sale, at a very low price. H. H. Lanham.

STAGE LIGHTS.

Their Various Uses and the Names by Which They Are Known.

Lights play an important part on the stage of the modern theater, and they have many uses. The spot light, for instance, is employed to cast a circle of light upon the stage where a single person is to be brought into especial prominence. It consists of an arc electric light inclosed in a cylindrical hood about the diameter of a stove-pipe and provided at the open end with a condenser lens for the purpose of concentrating the rays upon a small area.

A flood light is an arc in a rectangular box painted white upon the inside to serve as a reflector. It is supposed to flood the stage with light; hence its name.

Bunch lights are clusters of gas or incandescent lights either arranged within a reflector or exposed naked. They are used back of a scene behind doorways, where light is needed off the stage to represent the illumination of that part of a dwelling not shown. For the same purpose "strip" lights are used—rows of incandescent lights fastened to a strip of wood provided with a hook, by which it may be hung to the back of a scene when required.

"Side" lights are incandescent lights arranged on either side of the proscenium arch. Sometimes they are built within the arch or they are arranged to be swung outward when the curtain is raised.

The footlights are familiar to all, and the "border" lights are those hung over the stage directly above the scenery, shutting off the top of the stage. These are arranged in a trough like an inverted "U" to cast their light down upon the stage. These are practically all of the lights used upon the stage of a house, though magic lanterns are employed at times for the simulation of water effects, moonlight ripples and lightning. The old fashioned calcium, using the oxyhydrogen gas, is so seldom employed in the modern theater as to call for no comment.

CALIFORNIA'S GREATNESS.

California has the largest seed farms in the world.

California leads all the states in the production of barley.

The Golden Gate is the western portal for America's great future commerce.

California is the only state in the Union in which bituminous rock is found.

California has a larger per capita wealth than any other state in the Union.

California produces more oranges and lemons than any other state in the Union.

The United States mint at San Francisco is the largest institution of the kind in the world.

For many years past San Francisco has been and still is the leading whaling port of the world.

The glory of California's flowers is practical. The state produces more honey than any other.

California produces more English walnuts than all the other states, and they are of better quality.—Exchange.

A Home Thrust.

There is a good story told about the late Henry Bergh. While walking about the streets of New York city one morning he saw a teamster whipping a balky horse.

"Stop that you brute," he exclaimed, "or I'll have you locked up inside of five minutes! Why don't you try kindness on the animal? Don't you suppose a horse can be reached by a kind word the same as a human being?"

"I b'lieve ye're right, sor," replied the teamster, a quick witted Irishman, who, with all his faults of temper, was not a bad man at heart, "an' if a horse has feelin's, sor, don't ye s'pose his driver has too? Thry a kind word on the driver, if ye please."

The stern face of Mr. Bergh relaxed into a smile, and in the better understanding that followed the horse forgot that it was balking and started off in a trot.

A Scathing Retort.

An English lawyer who had been cross examining a witness for some time and who had sorely taxed the patience of the judge, jury and every one in the court was finally asked by the court to conclude his cross examination. Before telling the witness to stand down he accosted him with this parting sarcasm:

"Ah, you're a clever fellow—a very clever fellow. We can all see that."

The witness leaned over from the box and quietly retorted:

"I would return the compliment if I were not on oath."—Personalia.

Vulgar Admiration.

Mr. Muchcash—What are you doing out there in the night air? Come into the house. Gladys—I was just admiring the moon, papa. Mr. Muchcash—What business have you admiring the moon when there are so many things in the house that I have bought expressly for you to admire? Anybody can admire the moon.

His Luck.

Lowscads (despondently)—I might just as well be dead. What good am I, anyway? Why, I believe that I've been refused by every girl in town! Henpekko (excitedly)—Touch wood! Touch wood, quick, or your luck will change!—Smart Set.

Men and Dogs.

"When I hears a man sayin' dat he likes dogs better dan he does human folks," said Uncle Eben, "I can't help suspectin' dat mebbe he's picked out de kin' o' friends dat's as good as he deserves."—Washington Star.

You get the news in the Daily West Virginian.

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If you are a subscriber, that's nice; if not, we want you.

THE DAILY WEST VIRGINIAN

is new, and has its shortcomings. You know about that. You were new once yourself! But we are working hard to make our paper second to none in this region.

IT TAKES MONEY AND HARD WORK

to establish an up-to-date paper. If you do not know about that, you can take our word for it. We knew it before we started, but we felt that some interests in this community needed such a paper as we propose to run. WE ARE "BOOSTERS," NOT "KNOCKERS."

We believe Fairmont to be at the threshold of her greatest era of prosperity. To promote her best interests and uphold her various institutions will be our daily concern. We need all the enterprises we have. To encourage the men who are helping to build up this community will be our delight. We will try to give

ALL THE NEWS,

and occasionally tell you what we think about things.

TEN CENTS buys the Daily one week, forty cents is the price per month; while four dollars pays for it a whole year.

"Come thou with us and we will do thee good."

First Floor New Jacobs Building, Monroe Street and Porter Alley.

DANCING AS A DUTY RELIEF FOR THE LAP DOG

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clarke University, says dancing should have a place in the general scheme of education. As he puts the matter, "We ought to get over this narrow, wretched, bigoted prejudice that proscribes it."

Certainly to get rid of any prejudice so bad as the one portrayed would be uplifting.

Quoting the authority again: "If we reach a golden age I think that dancing will be more universal language than language itself." He describes it as expressive beyond music or speech. To him it appeals as a building up the gray matter of the race.

To defend dancing against the charge of being in itself harmful is not uncommon but its exaltation into the sphere of the virtues is rare. Dr. Hall elevates dancing to a duty. While the sentiment will be widely approved to ascribe part of his avowments to the exuberant enthusiasm will be natural. To hold that the talented toe lightly spurning a waxed floor can convey more to the senses than can be conveyed by spoken word or unspoken melody is almost too severe. Dancing is to some as indispensable as song to others. The Hall view would place upon those who do not dance an unfair handicap. Life would be dark indeed for the person with a timber leg.

Perhaps it would be proper to wonder respectfully if grace, skill and persistence in dancing won by Dr. Hall the headship of a university.—New York Evening World.

NEW RUSSIAN HYMN

As sung regularly at Port Arthur. Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?

No, your highness, I can't; for some time in the night,

It ran foul of a mine and it's long past redeeming.

Giant powder's red flare, from mounds to spare—

Then up went a battleship high in the air;

And the mines of Port Arthur. Oh, long may they float!

I regret to-o-o report it— Had destroyed d—the wrong—boat-t-t!

—Puck.

Notice.

My entire line of millinery is still going at cost. Come in and see. I have some pretty hats for a little money. MRS. LAURA FRAZER, 423 Jackson St. x

Boston Women, it is Said, to Take Active Measures.

"Boston ladies have decided that it is time to take decisive action for the relief of their lap dogs," says the Chicago Record-Herald. "It is well known to people who have had opportunities to study the lap dog that he has a disagreeable tendency to grow stout. This doubtless is due to the fact that he is prevented by circumstances over which he has no control from getting a proper amount of exercise. If the lap dog could get out occasionally and chase a hen up an alley, or get kicked, through a fence by an accommodating mule it is probable that he would be able to keep himself down to reasonable proportions."

"But he is a victim of fashion. Instead of running along behind the carriage and yelping he rides in luxurious ease. Hence he soon begins to get pussy and to wheeze when he has to move from one pillow to another. A wheezing lap dog is depressing. One always feels a tightening of the air tubes when a waddling lap dog gets to wheezing around and giving unmistakable signs of his belief that life is a burden."

"It is encouraging, therefore, to learn that fashionable women of Boston have decided that the lap dog must be relieved of his present trouble. To this end they have formed a club in the exclusive Back Bay district and there training quarters for the pet lap dogs are to be established. Under the care of an expert trainer the lap dogs will be put through daily exercises calculated to keep them from growing stout and to develop their wind, so that they may be able to skip about playfully and wheeze no more."

"This is a most commendable movement on the part of the Boston ladies, whose humanitarian propensities have ever been among the chief glories of our land. If their children can be cared for properly by the nurses while the ladies are at the club superintending the training of lap dogs, gladness should hereafter be able to give a continuous performance in Boston's fashionable circle."

Charley Williams Better.

Charley Williams, the insane colored man, has been dismissed from the county jail. There was no room for him at Weston, and as he was a great deal better and his friends came for him, he was let out. He was taken away from the city.